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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER—Fair to-day and warmer; with southwesterly winds.

JUMP! MR. PULITZER. JUMP!

Is Mr. Pulitzer getting ready to jump again?

Tuesday, September 7, he thus exhorted Senator Platt in the World to join with the Citizens' Union in the congenial task of destroying the Democratic party in New York:

The World is disposed to assume that he is capable of putting aside pride and resentment, of rising to a high plane of public duty and rendering the city a memorable service in completing the union upon Seth Low as the people's candidate.

If Mr. Platt shall do this and Mr. Low's election shall follow, he will fitly supplement his work of consolidating the greater city by securing for it four years of good government. Surely this capstone to the monument which he reared to his fame by passing the charter is worth any sacrifice of feeling which it may involve.

The next day Mr. Pulitzer, pursuing his argument for the proposed conspiracy against Democracy, said in the World:

Seth Low is in the field as a candidate for Mayor in response to an unprecedented public demand. He has announced that he shall stand to the end. A large majority of the people want the kind of Mayor which his character and record assure them that he would be. It is for you, Mr. Platt, as the unquestioned master of the Republican organization, to say whether Seth Low shall have the united support which is essential to his hope of success.

You will prevent this union? Will you destroy this hope? You are face to face with a high responsibility, a vast opportunity for good. Raise yourself in the public esteem by proving that you are equal to the great occasion!

But the conspiracy has failed. The Democratic party is greater than any journalistic traitor. It lives and thrives and progresses toward victory despite Mr. Pulitzer's sinister stabs. It makes evident its own power and his impotence.

And so, seeing the failure of his treacherous plot, Mr. Pulitzer first turns upon the man whom he professed to admire. Hear him:

President Low will soon come to a time when silence in the municipal campaign will not be olden. The leader must lead.

With this implied desertion of the candidate upon whom he relied to rend Democracy begins Mr. Pulitzer's apparent readiness to jump. Coincidently with it he proceeded to the eulogy of the only Democratic candidate yet nominated. Yesterday the World spoke thus of Judge Parker, and intimated its readiness to advise the Democrats of New York City in their own political affairs:

The action of the State Committee in ignoring the Chicago platform and nominating Judge Parker was the most important political event to the Democratic party since the defeat of Bryan.

The first official act of the organized Democracy of New York since the Presidential election was to turn its back on the platform. It did this not merely incidentally and casually, but deliberately and purposely. It so acted in the face of a strenuous demand for an indorsement of the 6 to 1 folly, and in spite of a threat that the free silver adherents would bolt the party. * * * * And now why will not Tammany Hall imitate the wisdom of the State Committee and nominate for Mayor a Democrat equally eminent for character and ability—perhaps another Supreme Court Judge—who will command the entire confidence of the community?

Is Mr. Pulitzer is going to jump?

THE PROFITS IN CHEAP GAS.

From a recent discussion of the profits of the Consolidated Gas Company by the leading commercial writer on our excellent contemporary the Sun the public may learn that "When the Consolidated Company was first formed in 1884 it paid dividends of 7 per cent per annum and its shares sold from about par to 110. Then, in 1887, came the act of the Legislature reducing the price of gas from $1.75 per 1,000 feet to $1.25, causing the dividends to fall to 3 per cent per annum, and the stock to below 70. To the surprise and chagrin of the enemies of the company, who had procured the passage of the act with the idea that they would thereby cut the profits on gas making permanently down to a low figure, the reduction in price so increased the consumption of gas, and ingenuity so diminished its cost, that the dividends on the Consolidated stock rose first to 5 per cent per annum, then to 6 and finally to 8 per cent."

It is very advantageous to the citizens of New York that these facts, which are, of course, matters of record, are set forth so explicitly in so influential a newspaper as the Sun. Last Winter, when the fight for dollar gas was being pressed upon the Assembly, a mistaken notion was permitted to get abroad that reduction of the price of gas was a sinister stroke aimed at the widows and orphans whose holdings of Consolidated stock would be affected thereby. The Journal is glad to note the present inclination of its contemporary to correct this error, and anticipates in the renewed effort for cheap gas which will be made before the next Assembly the cordial aid of the candid and well-informed Sun.

OUR AMERICAN DUKES.

The line of the Dukes of Marlborough, which since its foundation by the exemplary Churchill has had many moral and material vicissitudes, is to be continued with the help of a strain of good American blood. The maternal grandfather of the new heir to the dukedom, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, is the son of William H. Vanderbilt, who fifty years ago was earning an honest and laborious living on a small farm on Staten Island. His father, the great Commodore, founder of the Vanderbilt line, was worthy to rank mentally with the first of the Marlboroughs, whom he outclassed in moral character, although that was not his specialty. When John Jacob Astor, the son of the butcher of Walldorf, was selling furs on Water street, a hundred years ago, the baby Cornelius Vanderbilt had not yet learned to handle the sailboat in which later he ferried passengers between Staten Island and New York. But Cornelius Vanderbilt became a good ferryman, and his blood will be worth more to the decadent Marlborough stock than his money. It looks as if there would soon be an American working majority in the British House of Lords. At first sight that might not seem to count for much, since our American peers are all Anglomaniacs, but eventually blood will tell. When the time for the federation of the English race is ripe, this infusion of Americanism in the British peerage may help to smooth the way for the entry of England into our Union, on an equal footing with Rhode Island and Nevada.

THE TRANSFER OF CHAPMAN.

Sympathy with Captain Chapman is, after all, not the chief sentiment which the removal of that spectacular official from the Tenderloin Precinct will inspire in the minds of New Yorkers. The Captain will be great wherever he is, and the refulgence of his greatness will adorn the commonplace precinct to which an unappreciative Police Commission has assigned him. As the hirsute appendages of the Chapman chin give character to the Chapman countenance, so will the branching tentacles of the Chapman intellect pervade, dignify and adorn the precinct to which he may be assigned. Indeed, had the worst happened, had Captain Chapman been assigned to that police purgatory, "Goatville," the neighborhood would straightway have gained international fame, and the very goats would have discarded beards for whiskers.

No. Sympathy for Chapman is sympathy wasted. The public only will suffer. The gayety of the city will be eclipsed. Vaudeville writers will lose their most precious theme. Seeley diners will dine without earning notoriety for themselves or for the Captain, and wicked players of pinocle will divert themselves in back yards for penny stakes without having a brace of whiskers, preceded by a pair of boots, drop on their table. Perhaps women resident in the neighborhood of Herald square may even retire at night without expectation of the sudden and violent irruption of a bewhiskered Jove in their boudoirs. In brief, life in the Tenderloin will lose its savor, and that district become as commonplace as the region of the Mercer Street Police Station becomes far famed as the centre of police comedy.

We grieve with the Tenderloiners, but we have no fear for Chapman's future. As the Captain himself would say, Fame will follow him and dignify his surroundings whatever they may be.

THE EXTENSION OF MUNICIPAL FUNCTIONS.

Mayor Carter H. Harrison in to-day's Journal disposes very successfully of one stock argument of the defenders of the system by which the public franchises of a municipality are given over to corporations to be exploited for private profit.

"Do you want to multiply the political powers of the Mayor by giving him the power of appointment of laborers in gas works, employes on the street car lines and electricians in the electric lighting system?" ask the defenders of corporate privileges.

To this the Mayor of Chicago responds that corporations holding public franchises are almost without exception "in politics" now. Their influence is eagerly sought by politicians. Their contributions are commonly the largest made to the campaign funds. Their voices are powerful in the selection of candidates, and more powerful in the direction of the official conduct of the successful nominees. We do not have to go beyond the limits of New York to find illustration of this fact.

Mayor Harrison properly lays stress upon the need of an effective civil service reform law in every city which expects to extend its municipal functions so as to include the conduct of businesses which touch the citizen in his daily life. But he very properly notes that in proportion as the citizen is brought in more frequent contact with city employes he will be more insistent upon a high order of intelligence and efficiency among them. Hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers have never entered a public office of the city. To stir them on the evils of the spoils system is almost impossible. If the insolent car conductor, or the languidly indifferent man at the counter of the gas company, were chargeable to the spoils system, that system would go.

PLATT'S IMPOSING CAMPAIGN.

Boss Platt and his organization have resolved that only national issues should concern the thoughtful and truly patriotic New Yorker when he comes to cast his vote for Mayor. The true blue Republican, the one who has a proper understanding of the relative importance and timeliness of things, will think not at all of the Raines law, local self-government, low taxes, clean streets, an efficient police force, personal liberty, or other trifles of that sort, but rise in his might and put in a ballot for the Dingley tariff, the trusts and special privileges to plutocrats in politics. Also, he will not fail loyally to indorse the McKinley Administration in all it has done or omitted to do, and, above all, he will vote to vindicate Senator Hanna and maintain Mr. Platt as the Boss of the grand old party.

Boss Platt has a large and imposing intellect, if he doesn't give the average citizen of New York credit for any.

THE OVERTHROW OF BARRIOS.

The military politicians and the other people who enjoy the excitement of living in Guatemala are, of course, the best judges of when a revolution is desirable and expedient, yet the overthrow of President Barrios interferes with some hopes cherished by outsiders. Barrios, whatever his other demerits, has represented the idea of a great Central American Republic, a legacy from his uncle, who died in battle trying to coerce the States into union. It is expected that the deposed President will flee to San Francisco, the Latin-American practice of eliminating objectionable publicists with lead being still in vogue in Guatemala.

The movement for the federation of the Central American republics has been viewed with a friendly eye in the United States. It has been felt that such an amalgamation would not only tend toward peace and progress in orderly civilization, but that our interests, especially our interest in the Nicaraguan Canal, would thereby be conserved. The only countries remaining out of the union are Guatemala and Costa Rica, and the supremacy of Barrios, of course, favored the entrance of the former, and his downfall, which seems to be reasonably certain, tells strongly against federation.

Ultimately there will be a union of the five Central American States. That is as inevitable as that the independent American colonies should finally come together. There will be another United States down there, and when the federation comes, as the result of political and industrial evolution, republicanism will be strengthened in the hemisphere.

WHERE ARE THE DEMOCRATIC WOMEN?

The Hon. Lemuel Ely Quigg's triumphal debut before the Woman's West End Republican Club ought to spur the feminine Democracy to action. Of course, now that Bourke Cockran is no longer a Democrat, any political clubs organized by Democratic ladies will have to content themselves with orators inferior in personal charm to Mr. Quigg, but enthusiasm for the principles of home rule and popular government ought to be a sufficient substitute for manly beauty and the graces of deportment.

For every Democratic voter in New York there is at least one Democratic woman. In everything but the mere casting of an individual vote a woman may count for as much in politics as a man. For the next six weeks political work will be a matter of influence, argument and industry. In all these respects there need be no distinction of sex in the usefulness of believers in Democratic principles. Let us have some Democratic Woman's Clubs. If they cannot promise themselves the felicity of listening to anybody as lovely as Mr. Quigg, they can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they are helping to improve the government of New York.

A Respectable "Cit" Ably Defends Himself.

"FEW men," said the member of the Citizens' Union, "are as respectable as they look." Supporting himself with his elbow on the bar, he added:

"And fewer still like to be considered too respectable. I don't mind revealing the secret that up at headquarters what makes us writhe is the persistent effort of our enemies to picture us as a parcel of saints. Is there anything consumptive about me?"

The gentleman, who is in the prime of life, threw open his coat, disclosing cigars in his vest pocket, and thumped himself on the chest, which gave back a boom.

"If," he continued, drinking again, "there's anything worse for a young man, or an old one either, who's got blood in his body, than to join the Citizens' Union, I don't know of it. I mean worse for him personally. He has to suffer, sir—suffer aspersions that drive him in protest into excesses that he would otherwise avoid. Previous to joining this Low movement, I seldom entered a saloon or took a drink, or—or did any of the things our slanderers say a Citizens' Union man never feels any disposition to do. In self-defence I've been pushed into becoming little better than a rounder, by Jove, and my domestic happiness is all but ruined. But I'm ready to make every sacrifice for the purification of politics and the good of my city and country. No sugar.

"Say," he resumed, "the other night all hands burst into

a roar of laughter up at headquarters that nearly bulged the glass out of the windows. And why? Because one of the fellows read aloud from an evening paper the dispatch about the King of Denmark falling down stairs and smashing his jaw. Do you think that was disgraceful? Well, it was, and more becoming to a meeting of Socialists or Anarchists than a collection of reputable Americans, I admit, but we can't help it. Our nerves are keyed up to concert pitch, and the incongruity between the ideas of kingly majesty and tumbling down stairs hit us, sir. It was like seeing a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States doing a song and dance. And the boys roared again at the account of that drunken man bursting through the guards at the military review and falling on the neck of President Diaz. Gad, I envy a man who can acquire a jag so magnificent and emotional as that! And Diaz feels the same way, for I see he discharged the fellow from arrest, but the better element, an impromptu Citizens' Union, rose up in defence of respectability and lynched him.

"It may astonish you," went on the Mugwump, whose silk hat by this time was cocked over his eye, "but there's no place in this town where you'll find so much levity—downright, devil-may-care, Bohemian levity, as up at our joint. It's on the reaction principle, you understand. Everybody insists that we're oppressively respectable, and solemn till you can't rest. Yet I'll bet you there's nowhere that old Abdul Hamid is more popular. Think of the nerve of his Turkish nibs inviting Princess Chimay to the royal theatre to give him a view of the performance that was too strong for Paris. Thank Heaven, there's somebody in the world, prominent and in office, that isn't afraid to do as he likes and doesn't care a rap for the scandalization of the truly good—the kind of people the Platt and Tammany gangs keep on saying we are. By George, the Sultan's a brick! If a Christian monarch were to do that he'd be in hot water as quick as Seth Low'd be if he gave a Seeley dinner.

"Of course," admitted the reformer, who now had both elbows behind him on the bar, "the line's got to be drawn somewhere, for we can't afford to lose the votes of the better element—us fellows who always favor making other people respectable, if we don't really go in strong for respectability ourselves out of print and between campaigns. Respectability! Hang me if I aint getting to hate the very word. Now, you know me, and you comprehend what my business and social and political position makes necessary, and all that, but I can't tell you what a strain I'm being put to. Of course, as a wholesaler in crape and a Murray Hiller and an active Cit, it wont do for me to get out and be quite natural very often, but all the same if this campaign were a long one I believe I'd kick over the traces and let Greater New York go to blazes. As it is, I've got a front seat for Merode's first performance, and if a political issue is made of it Low'll have to stand it, that's all. Now, why am I going to see her dance? Do I look like a man that cares for the ballet? The reason I'm going is so I can applaud her till my hands are sore just for what she said to the Journal reporter. He asked her who her favorite poet was, and she answered Paul Verlaine, the genius of the slums, 'because the strait-laced people, who are such bores, said he was disreputable and his books were forbidden at the Conservatoire.' That's a girl after my own heart, my real heart, not the heart that I use to do business and politics with. I didn't feel that way until I got into the Citizens' Union and began to raise the moral tone of the community and had my respectability rubbed into me till I've got to seem a whited sepulchre to myself.

"For real respectability," remarked the gentleman, slapping the bar with one hand and clutching the edge of the same with the other, while a friend straightened his hat for him, "I have only esteem—the kind of respectability which means that men respect you for good or clever things you've done. But for the other sort—the respectability that you get for not doing things and for living in a certain locality, and wearing certain clothes, and taking one newspaper rather than another, and hitching on to a political party not because you want to help it but because it helps your standing and marks you off as belonging to a decorous class—why, for respectability of that snide and easy and frequent brand I wouldn't give a"—

His shocked friend interrupted in time to prevent the awful finish, and half persuaded, half pushed him out to the sidewalk and into a cab.

"Where to?" asked the driver, as he slapped the door shut.

"Anywhere!" came a roar from the interior. "Anywhere, by ——, except to the headquarters of the Citizens' Union! Hurrah for Croker!"

The Squash.

Now the squash is gnarled and mottled
On the shining twining vine—
Oh! perfection's in it bottled,
And our joy will be unthrottled
When against it up we line,
With a glorious
And victorious
Smile that measures 6x9.

Now it makes our visions ruddy,
Till we ripple with a sigh;
Oh! it makes our thoughts unmuddy,
For it is the understudy
Of the pumpkin in the pie,
Whose intensity
And immensity
Make our finest fancies fly.

Like a flock of purple pigeons down a white and snowy sky.

THE MERRY JESTER

"I thought Belkidy was going to sell his farm on account of the mosquitoes there?"

"He did talk of it, but struck a better thing. It's a Summer resort now."—Detroit Free Press.

He—Well, every dog has his day.

She—But he never hurries it along any by sitting up all night waiting for it.

His coat tails fairly cracked as he went out the door.—Cleveland Leader.

The Cigarette Girl's Rapid Rise in Life.

"SAY, what do you think? I've been working up at De Silk Brothers, getting $6 per week, and never had to lift a blessed hand to do a stroke of work the whole day long.

"Well, I knew you would be paralyzed, but gracious me! You ain't no more paralyzed than I was when it happened, and I ain't so dead used to it yet but that I wake up at nights sometimes and wonder if it ain't all a dream, and if I ain't got to go back to the cigarette factory the next day and hustle along with a gang of Kip's Bay chippies till my back's so tired I can't say my prayers.

"Well, say, just as true as I stand here, I've been working up there, and what do you suppose I did? Honest, you'd never guess in a million times, so I may as well tell you and put you out of your agony, or else you'll have as many fits over it as Liz did when I made her guess.

"Well, you knew they make waists and tailor-made frocks. Say, all I had to do was to help the lady what trieson, and it was more fun than a barge picnic, and that's what I got six dolleys a week for, without a stain of tobacco on my hand at that. Say, what do you think? Now, I've got another job, smarter than that. How did I catch on? It is funnier than a continued story. Of course, you know we were all out on a strike, and I was getting what Algy calls the hot end of the poker, because most of the girls what were out on strike had houses to go to, or brothers or fathers what would do fair by them, but I had nothing; only that Algy sneaked up to my boarding house and paid a week in advance for me without my knowing; so I says to myself, I says, 'Mame,' says I, 'Mame, what you want to do is to get a hustle on, Mame; get a hustle on and go to work, or else there will be nothing left for you to do but take a boat for Staten Island, and never get there.'

"That's what I says to myself, and I wasn't stuck on that half-way trip on a ferry boat, though I've known plenty of good girls what has taken it, and just turned up missing rather than go on trying to get along when there wasn't no use trying.

"What do you think!

"As I was saying the superintendent of the Sky High building where Algy runs the elevator, was piping me off for chasing down there and taking rides with Algy, and he says to Algy 'Is she a good girl?' he says, and Algy says, 'she's the best that ever happened along the pike; she's my steady, and when I get a raise we're going to be married,' says Algy, cause he's dead straight on our proposition, he is, all right, all right.

"So, the superintendent says, does she want work? and Algy says I wants it worse than an Avenue A cop wants a high ball on a warm night, and the superintendent says he

has a daughter at work in De Silk Brothers, and happened to know if I applied quick I might get the job, as they wanted a tall slim girl like me.

"Honest, what do you think?

"Say, did I hustle up there? Why, the cable cars wasn't fast enough for me, and I was so out of breath when I got there I thought I'd never talk again, but I suppose it would take something worse than that to stop me talking.

"Why, Algy says to me, 'Mame,' says he, 'Mame, you'll never be in anything when you don't have your say about it, except when you're in your coffin, Mame,' he says.

"Well, I was going to tell you. When I made my application seen in a minute that the Superintendent had given me a character there, for all the young lady does who I help was to look me over, measure me around the shoulders, waist and hips, and then she says: 'You'll do.'

"Say, honest what do you think?

"Why, gracious me alive! When she was measuring me I was that scared you could have heard my heart thump like an ambulance gong, and I wondered what I was going to do that they wanted my bust measure.

"But I was in it all right, all right. All I had to do was to help my boss hang dresses on customers, and once in a while, when a regular swell comes in and wants to order enough dresses to last about a thousand women a million years, the boss just draped stuff over me and the swell piped me off, trying to get a tip on how she'd look in a dress made up of the stuff hanging on me. That's the reason they wanted my measure, I suppose.

"But what do you think?

"There was one lady was up to her neck in a fitting on picnic when I first went there; and, say, she was a wonder.

"I couldn't get on to her curves at first, though, honest, on the level, she hadn't many. I thought first she must be a million years old, but the lady I helped called her 'Miss,' and was hustling to beat the band to please her, so I got busy, too, and I hauled and tugged, and pinned and took up and in, and let down and out, and all the time the queer old miss was talking to beat a fire engine, and telling me she liked the way I did things. My boss-lady says to me one day after we'd had about three hours with the old girl, 'Mamie,' she says to me, 'Mamie, you have made a hit with Miss Van Bleecky, and if you turns the trick you will be in more luck than ever happened on your block.'

"Say, I aint so silly as I look, perhaps, and I aint no bad looker at that. So I just stows in my bonnet what my boss says to me, and whenever Miss Van—we always called her Miss Van—comes in I didn't do a thing but help with her frocks till I was going about her like one of those electric fans.

"Say, what do you think?

"I turned the trick all right, and better than any one thought. Miss Van has engaged me for her maid.

"I knew you would be struck dead dumb when you heard it. I was when she made the offer.

"This was the way of it: She says one day that she wished she had a maid as strong and nimble as me; that her maid needed more waiting on than she did herself, and she was getting dead leary of her.

"Of course she didn't say 'dead leary,' but whatever swells say when they mean that. Then she kind of pipes me off, and says, 'You are quite a presentable figure—quite presentable. Really, your figure is quite like my own.'

"Say, what do you think? I nearly ran a big pin clean through my hand trying not to fall dead with laughing. Say, she weighs about ninety pounds, and her bonnet comes up to my shoulder, and her hips measure about what my waist does; but I never says a word, not even when my boss says, 'Mamie's figure will be quite like yours, Miss, when she has taken on a little style.'

"Say, I could have slapped her good, but I let on I was tickled to death, and just kept busy.

"Well, there isn't no use telling you all about how I got the job; what will kill you dead is the things I'm seeing and doing now that I've got the job with Miss Van as her maid. I never knew there were such things in the world.

"But, so long, just now. I'm due home. I'll tell you all about it next time.

"Honest, what do you think?"

E. W. T.

Polo Attracts the Multitude.

WHEN the gay and festive polo enthusiasts were forced by the condition of the field to retire from the new grounds at Newport and go back to their old quarters, there was a great howl over the backward move, because it entailed the unwelcome presence of the ol poliol as spectators at the contests.

What these thin-skinned exclusives thought of the rabble at the polo game in Prospect Park yesterday afternoon is not likely to be known, for they were struck dumb by contact with the common herd.

Dear old Transport Herbert thought that there were 25,000 people in attendance, and wondered where they all came from.

Kenyon Stowe put the crowd at 20,000, and various other chappies estimated the attendance at from 15,000 to 50,000, thereby showing that they don't know any more about multitudes than they do about other things.

To the most of us, however, it didn't matter whether there was one of these Brooklynites or a million. They were only as so many blades of grass.

The world of fashion was not largely represented. Most people haven't come back to town, the day was chilly and Brooklyn is a deucedly long way from Fifth avenue.

You see Brooklyn is to New York socially as a perambulator is to a four-in-hand, and Brooklyn knows it in spite of the efforts of Timmy Woodruff, Frank Beard and Johnnie Piecrust Shults to make it appear otherwise.

These three gentlemen have horses and drags and togs galore, but they weren't on hand yesterday in the customary glory of their possessions.

It was said by way of excuse that Timmy was too engrossed with politics and bicycling; that Shults was out of town and that Frank Beard was too busy looking after Lazzarone and his father-in-law, both of whom are on the retired list, to engage in less serious occupation.

Thus it was left to us to amuse ourselves, an undertaking that we accomplished to a degree more or less satisfactory by trundling out some three-quarters of a dozen dilapidated coaches that had seen years of hard if not honorable service on the Fifth avenue stage line.

It wasn't very elegant, I'll admit, but we thought it was good enough for Brooklyn, and it certainly did please the children awfully.

By the way, there was an unusually large number of young aristocrats in attendance, and the way they howled and yelled and whooped it up generally for their favorites was a marvel.

Poor old chappie Navarro had to stick his fingers in his ears to have any comfort at all in the midst of such a diabolical din.

The rising generation of chappies and chappisettes is certainly well-lunged.

Perhaps the most conspicuous person at the game was Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Sr., who was arrayed, according to her custom, in purple, and sat in state upon her coach.

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Tommy, Jr., was devoted to her, although she is an enthusiast in her love for polo.

Others of the Hempstead set present were W. C. Eustis, Miss Eustis, Miss May Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Kernochan and Mr. and Mrs. C. Albert Stevens.

Mrs. Stevens was looking very fit after her Summer at Southampton, and C. Albert was virile and vigorous, though not perceptibly improved in pulchritude.

It was the Westchester set, however, that turned out in fullest force. Of course the James M. Waterburys were there. They couldn't stay away when "Larry" and "Monty" were to uphold the honor and glory of the Westchester team.

Another little "of course" was pretty Maud Hall, whose applause of "Larry" Waterbury was earnest and copious and energetic enough to have stirred a less dashing and fiery player to do his utmost.

The love-birds are whispering of an understanding there that will take the shape of a formal announcement at the proper time.

The Duncan Elliots were on hand and "Dunc" looked as big and as British as London itself, but Mrs. Elliot was a bit pale and thin. She doesn't seem to have thrived on the Venetian gondola pastimes of her brother, the nimble and poetic Bobbie Hargous. But that is another story.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Allen were down from The Priory; Ned Potter strolled about without seeing anything but treetops; Marion Story was all smiles, while that genial, effervescent and most hospitable of old chappies, Major James C. Cooley, was as gracious and sunny as the day itself.

Theodore Myers, exploiting his knowledge of the game; Columbus Baldwin, in deep mourning; J. Stevens Ulman, in a new suit of shouting plaid, and Charlie Pfizer, wonderfully toned down, helped to round out a crowd that alternately bawled encouragement to the polo players and discussed the birth of a son to the Duchess of Marlborough.

Oddly enough, Mrs. Oliver Belmont's name was heard in the latter connection even more frequently than that of the youthful mother. It was generally agreed that to be the grandmother of a prospective Duke was an achievement worthy of congratulation.

In the outcome of the game the Westchester set won all their wagers, and were consequently highly elated. The Rockaways were "too easy."

Indeed, they were quite as easy as the clams that were swallowed by the Newport Clambake Club yesterday afternoon at the last bake of the season.

We shall have more polo this week, and perhaps, if there isn't a bicycle match for him to win or a convention for him to dominate, we may also have the blessed privilege of gazing on the benign countenance and the bedizened attire of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Timothy Lester Woodruff, without whose radiant presence polo in Prospect Park is a day without the sun.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Modern Methods.

"Have you decided where you will send your boy to school this Fall?"

"No; we can't make up our minds until he looks the ground over and tells us where he is willing to go."—Chicago Record.

Platt's Icy Eye.

Mr. Platt is inclined to look at Mr. Low and make remarks about the manner in which amateurs are trying to get into the boss business.—Evening Star.

Society Item.

We have noticed that for some reason it is never demanded that a girl who wears a cheap dress and an old style hat should be accompanied by a chaperon.—Atchison Globe.

Chicago River Marred.

The bridge jumping craze has struck Chicago, and the Chicago River is being marred by holes and dents by the foolhardy jumpers.—Washington Post.